



## DANTE SPARROW

### The lowlife

“Fuck! Why is it always me? My life is already shit, I could’ve done without the fucking storm!”

You worked just around the corner, at RST Video. Underpaid, angry as hell and accused of stealing tapes by your asshole boss, Ian. Truth is you just never gave a shit about keeping an eye on clients, but after the umpteenth case of shoplifting the owner fired you and so you decided to show him what getting robbed really meant.

Tonight you broke into RST Video (and what the hell does that name stand for, anyway?), you shot Ian (you think the bullet only grazed him, he’d deserve much worse) and emptied the cash register, making off with 229 lousy dollars and 25 cents. You got absolutely drenched in rain, and now that the storm is raging you’ve ended up looking for shelter at 66 Stop Groceries, your friend Arthur’s minimart. But of course he’s not on shift tonight... Fuck, he even told you he’d be at some guy’s party! Todd, or something.

Still, you’re going to keep your cool, this isn’t your first hit. Some time ago you break into the Thurmans’ house, and the job earned you a dignified 2.856 dollars. The perfect outcome, if only you hadn’t been forced to kill the head of the family, David Thurman. You were sure the house was empty, a rookie mistake. During the fight, the bastard ripped off your necklace: A gift from your brother Donald before they sent him to rot in prison, a chain with the letters GK (GoalKeeper).

Truth is you didn’t mean to kill him. You’d never thought of yourself as a real criminal before, but on that day you simply put two and two together: I’ve killed a man, so I’m one of the bad guys. All the bravado and cynicism came later, when you convinced yourself that being a robber was your destiny. But acting tough doesn’t change the fact that you’re neck-deep in shit. You still have the gun you used for the Thurman murder on you, and the cops have never stopped looking for the culprit. If they catch you now, they’re going to link you to the fucking murder! But with this weather, is there anything you can do but wait?

### Profile

You’re cynical, but cowardly. Although you like playing tough, swaggering around like a bad boy, as soon as you sense that someone is actually dangerous you become an ass-kisser. You can’t stand it when people make fun of you, like in high school, when they called you a beanpole. Now you’ve put on muscle, but you’re ready to get rough if someone dares make a comment on your physical appearance. And it’s always best to strike first.

You no longer have any perspectives: Once upon a time you wanted to be a soccer star, but an injury to your right shoulder sent your dreams of becoming a goalkeeper straight to the gutter. If only you’d let that Timbers jock score instead of diving, if only you’d been able to afford the medical bills instead of letting the bones heal on their own, if only... Instead, all you’ve left is talk of all the promise you showed, of the incredible exploits of your school’s team. As if anybody in the States gave a single shit about soccer!

## Structure

Your injured shoulder influences your whole posture: You have a hard time moving it. You can only lift your right arm by a few centimetres, so you tend to compensate with your shoulderblades and back muscles. The continuous strain has made your right shoulder visibly higher than your left.

You also tend to keep your face in a perpetual frown, unconsciously, to give off the bad guy vibe you're so satisfied by. You want people to see it in you.

## Acquaintances

*Mark Einnod*, the sheriff, the big bad wolf. A textbook son of a bitch who likes fucking little girls, according to the rumours surrounding him. He came close to pinning the Thurman murder on you, but you were finally able to catch your breath when the Feds took over the case. This guy couldn't care less about laws, he'd be capable of shooting you in the head without batting an eye.

*Kennet Hicks*, Arthur's clerk and a complete loser. Your friend is a loser himself, so you can't imagine how much of a moron this guy must be to take all of his shit. This halfwit likes harassing clients with dirty advances. He's lucky that none of the ladies ever took him seriously enough to call the cops; especially since Arthur uses 66 Stop to launder money for his brother Damien, a big shot of the Russian mob, and he'd beat this idiot to death if he lured the police here.

*Lilian Thurman*, a pretty little cunt that's been the talk of the town since she appeared on TV after losing her father during a robbery. Your robbery. If only that asshole David Thurman had gone on that dumb lake trip with her and her mother...

*Konstantin Bartosz*, a poor Polish bastard that lost his wife a while ago and ended up in the Russians' pockets, being enough of a moron to ask Arthur's brother for a loan. You've crossed paths once or twice, nothing more.